MAN AND WIFE;

OR, THE

SHAKESPEARE JUBILEE.

A

COMEDY,

OF THREE ACTS,

As it is Performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL in COVENT GARDEN.

Quid vetat et NOSMET?

THE SECOND EDITION.

LONDON,

Printed for T. BECKET and Co. in the Strand; and R. BALDWIN, in Paternoſter-Row. 1770.

(Price One Shilling and Six-pence.)

BRITISH MUSEUM

43. 6.
7 329.

TO

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, KNT.

PRESIDENT

OF THE

ROYAL ACADEMY,

THIS COMEDY

IS INSCRIBED

BY HIS ADMIRER,

FRIEND,

AND MOST FAITHFUL

HUMBLE SERVANT,

GEORGE COLMAN.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE *character of* Sally *(in which the little actreſs who performed it diſcovered more than the dawn of theatrical genius) is an imitation of that of* Babet, *in the comedy of* La Fauſſe Agnès, *by* Deſtouches—*and there are ſome traits of the character of* Kitchen, *in the* 3*d vol. of* The CONNOISSEUR.

To theſe acknowledgments, the Author has only to add his moſt grateful thanks to the Publick, for their candid and indulgent reception of this little piece, as well as to the performers for their great excellence, in the repreſentation of it.

PRELUDE.

CHARACTERS.

Dapperwit, —— —— — Mr. *Dyer.*
Jenkins, —— — —— — Mr. *Hull.*
Townly, — — — — Mr. *Wroughton.*

SCENE *Covent-Garden.*

Townly *croſſing the ſtage* —— Jenkins *calling after him.*

JENKINS.

HOLO—Tom!

TOWNLY.

Who's there? Jenkins!

JENKINS.

Ay—Where are you going?

TOWNLY.

To the play.

JENKINS.

The play! What is it? Let me ſee—MAN AND WIFE; Or, THE SHAKESPEARE JUBILEE—So, ſo! a new comedy! Whoſe is it?

TOWNLY.

Don't you know?

JENKINS.

Not I —— I have been partridge-ſhooting ever ſince the firſt of September —— and am but juſt come to town — Who is the author?

TOWNLY.

Your friend and acquaintance — the Manager.

JENKINS.

What! little Dapperwit?

TOWNLY.

The ſame. — Here he comes, faith —— ſpeak to him, Tom—aſk him about his comedy.

Enter Dapperwit.

JENKINS.

Ha, George! —— How do you do? —— Well —but you need not look ſo melancholy—What! in mourning!—another annuity, I ſuppoſe—Ha, George!

DAPPERWIT.

No —— I am in mourning, Sir, for a dear and worthy friend, and a moſt valuable partner — a man, whoſe goodneſs of heart was even ſuperior to his admirable talents in his profeſſion.

TOWNLY.

Your friend's death was a public loſs, Sir. —— He was deſervedly a favourite of the publick, and is very generally regretted.

JENKINS.

Well, but George, now you have put on mourning for your friend, I am afraid you will be

be obliged to continue to wear it for Covent-garden theatre.

DAPPERWIT.

I hope not, Sir —— The public is candid and generous; and we muſt be attentive and induſtrious.

JENKINS.

Yes—you have been dabbling again, I ſee.

TOWNLY.

A ſtroke at the Jubilee—Ha, Mr. Dapperwit!

DAPPERWIT.

An innocent laugh, Sir—raiſed out of an adventure which, I have taken the liberty to ſuppoſe, happened during that period.——As to the Jubilee itſelf, or the deſign and conduct of it, I cannot conſider them as objects of ſatire.

TOWNLY.

No, Sir? they have been roundly attacked ——Lodgings without beds——Dinners without victuals ——

DAPPERWIT.

I know what you mean, Sir.——My friend Paſquin has infinite honour, but his pleaſantries are exceedingly harmleſs, and I believe he wiſhes they ſhould be ſo.—The ſcandal of others is mere dirt—throw a great deal, and ſome of it will ſtick. But the ſatire of Paſquin is like fuller's-earth—it daubs your coat indeed for a time——but it ſoon grows dry; and when it rubs off, your coat is ſo much the cleaner.——Thus it has happened on the preſent occaſion—for after all, gentlemen, if a building be erected for a particular purpoſe, is not it natural to pull it down again, when that purpoſe is anſwered? A great number of people can-

not be aſſembled without creating a croud—a rainy day will prevent the exhibition of a pageant—and heavy ſhowers deſtroy the effect of a firework.

TOWNLY.

Ay, Sir—but an ode without poetry—

DAPPERWIT.

As to the ode —— it had one capital fault, I muſt confeſs.

TOWNLY and JENKINS.

Well—and what was it?

DAPPERWIT.

Why, Gentlemen, I underſtood every word of it.—— Now, an ode, they ſay—an ode —— to be very good, ſhould be wholly unintelligible.

TOWNLY.

Oh, your ſervant, Sir!

JENKINS.

Well —— but you intend to give it us here, I ſuppoſe?

DAPPERWIT.

No —— the ode can no where be heard to ſo much advantage as from the mouth of the author—and indeed it was ſo happily calculated for the time and place, for which it was originally intended, and the ſpeaker ſo truly felt a noble enthuſiaſm on the occaſion, that you have loſt a very exquiſite pleaſure (never to be retrieved) by not hearing it at Stratford-upon-Avon.

TOWNLY.

Well, Sir —— but the pageant and the maſquerade ——

DAPPERWIT.

Thoſe you ſhall ſee, Sir —— and perhaps they may appear to more advantage, and be ſeen with

with more ſatisfaction, at the Theatres Royal, than they could have been at Stratford itſelf.

JENKINS.

Well — but George — tell us a little of your comedy.

DAPPERWIT.

Walk in, Sir, and it will ſpeak for itſelf—The curtain is juſt going to draw up.

JENKINS.

And how do you feel yourſelf?—Eh, George!

DAPPERWIT.

Much as uſual on ſimilar occaſions — all hurry and flutter — which ſtrangers are apt to miſtake for high ſpirits, and my friends and acquaintance know to be nothing but apprehenſion.

TOWNLY.

We'll give you a hand — I know of a ſtrong party againſt it, I can tell you, Sir.

DAPPERWIT.

I fear no party, unleſs my own dulneſs raiſes one againſt me. The public will ſuffer no party, no malice, to interrupt its amuſements. — If I ſucceed, I ſhall owe my ſucceſs to their indulgence — if I fail, I ſhall owe it to myſelf. With theſe ſentiments I enter the theatre.—Come, Gentlemen—my trial is near coming on, for the play muſt be juſt going to begin.

TOWNLY.

We attend you, Sir.

JENKINS.

Well ſaid, little Dapperwit—Have a good heart, my boy! We'll keep it up, I warrant you!

[*Exeunt.*

CHARACTERS.

Croſs, — — —	Mr. *Shuter*,
Marcourt, — —	Mr. *Woodward*,
Kitchen, —— ——	Mr. *Dunſtall*,
Colonel Frankly, ———	Mr. *Perry*,
Landlord, —— ——	Mr. *Morris*,
Fleece, —— ———	Mr. *R. Smith*,
Luke, — ——	Mr. *Lewes*,
Buck, —— ——	Mr. *Davis*,
Snarl, —— ———	Mr. *Wignell*,
Oſtler, —— ——	Mr. *Quick*,
Paſſengers { ———	Mr. *Herbert*,
—— ——	Mr. *Fox*.

Mrs. Croſs, — ——	Mrs. *Green*,
Charlotte, —— —	Mrs. *Bulkley*,
Sally, —— ——	
Lettice —— —	Mrs. *Mattocks*,
Landlady, —— —	Mrs. *Gardner*,
Paſſengers, { ———	Miſs *Pearce*,
— —	Mrs. *Copen*.

Waiters, *&c.*

MAN AND WIFE;

OR, THE

SHAKESPEARE JUBILEE.

ACT I.

SCENE, *an Inn at* Stratford upon Avon. *Bells ringing—People behind calling* Waiter! Waiter! Oſtler! Houſe! &c. *Waiters anſwering,* Coming! *Lanlady calling. People croſs the Stage different Ways—Then enter* Landlord *and* Oſtler.

LANDLORD.

I TELL you, Oſtler, you muſt find ſtabling for the ſet of horſes that came in laſt.

OSTLER.

I tell you, Sir, it is unpoſſible—I cou'd not put up the horſes if they wou'd give me ten guineas a ſtall for them.

LANDLORD.

Why can't you put ſome of them in the corner ſtable?

OSTLER.

I can't, Sir. Jack Pratt has taken it all for Whirligig, that's entered to run for the Jubalo Cup, you know.

LANDLORD.

Well—well—it does not ſignify—the gentlemen and ladies are particular acquaintances of the ſteward—and you muſt find room for their horſes ſomewhere.

OSTLER.

I muſt turn ſomebody's elſe's horſes to graſs then. [*Exit.*

Bells ringing—and People calling again—Waiters anſwering, Coming!—*then enter* Luke *and three or four other Waiters.*

LANDLORD.

Here, Waiters, anſwer the bells—I am ſo lame, I can ſcarce hobble about, and I want to be in fifty places at once. Luke, you have the care of moſt part of the houſe: why don't you anſwer the bells? [*Landlord hobbles out.*

LUKE.

Coming, Sir, coming!—Here, Richard, take this bottle of Madeira to the gentleman and lady in the *As you like it*—Jack, carry a crown bowl of punch into the *Meaſure for Meaſure*—Do you, Thomas, take a dozen more Port wine, and pipes and tobacco, to the muſic—they drink like fiſhes—they are in *The Tempeſt*—d'ye hear?—and William, do you make haſte with half a dozen of claret to the gentlemen in the *Merry Wives*—they have been calling and ringing this half hour.

BUCK.

BUCK. [*within.*]

Waiter!

LUKE.

Coming, Sir, coming!

Enter Buck, *tipſy.*

BUCK. [*ſinging.*]

All ſhall yield to the mulberry tree,
Bend to thee
Sweet Mulberry!
Matchleſs was He
Who planted thee,
And thou like him immortal ſhalt be.

Here, you Waiter! you ſcoundrel you, what's the meaning you don't bring the wine we call'd for? We are obliged to ſit up all night becauſe there are no beds, and you won't ſupply us with liquor to keep us in good humour.

LUKE.

Beg your honour's pardon — Do all in our power to oblige—Wait on ſeven companies myſelf; and have ſeven waiters under me, at three and ſix-pence a day.

BUCK.

How the fellow gabbles! — Have not I ſeen your face before, you ſir?

LUKE.

Ah — your honour knows me well enough—I am Luke, Luke, your honour, from the St. Alban's. But in the ſummer, buſineſs being dead in town—all the quality gone, your honour knows—I go too—and wait at all public places in the country—I came over here from York races—had

half-a-dozen waiters under me there too—A little before that I was at the inſtallation at Cambridge —From hence I go to the Glouceſter Muſic-meeting—In October I ſhall be at Newmarket—And by the meeting of parliament you'll find Luke, honeſt Luke, your honour—at the St. Alban's again.

BUCK.

Chatter — chatter — chatter — the fellow huddles his words one upon another—and drives 'em out of his mouth like the liquor out of a narrow-necked bottle—Get us the wine directly, you ſcoundrel you.

LUKE.

Directly, Sir. (*Bell rings*) Coming, Sir, coming! [*Exit.*

Enter Snarl, *in a Night-gown.*

SNARL.

"And the worſt of all beds is a Warwickſhire bed."—Buck! what are you up too?

BUCK.

Up! I have not been in bed; there was none to be got.

SNARL.

I wiſh you had had mine then — I had rather ſit up without reſt, than lie in bed without it. —I have been ſwinging in a hammock with a little army walking over me—and as to ſleep, one might as well think of it in the Tower of Babel.

BUCK

Come along with me then, and we'll teach you how to deſpiſe ſleep.—There is a ſet of us have taken the room beyond the muſic for the whole time

time of the Jubilee—and it ſerves us for dining-room, parlour, and bed-chamber. Ever ſince dinner to-day—faith I believe I may ſay yeſterday, for it's almoſt day-light again—we have been following the example ſet us at the amphitheatre, and have been drinking bumpers to the immortal memory of Shakeſpeare, to the ſteward of the Jubilee, with a round of Shakeſpeare's toaſts—Here old Snarl! here's a jubilee-favour! ſee here! (*ſhewing his cockade.*) So come along with me, my boy, and I'll introduce you to the jollieſt company at Stratford upon Avon—for

All ſhall yield to the mulberry tree, &c.

[*Exit ſinging with* Snarl.

Bar-bell ringing. Landlady (*when the bell ceaſes*) *calling*, Why Chambermaid! John Oſtler! Boots! Chamberlain! Where are you all?

Then enter Landlady *followed by Colonel* Frankly *and five other Paſſengers in the* Birmingham *Coach.*

LANDLADY.

This way! this way, if you pleaſe, ladies and gentlemen!—Why, Chambermaid, Richard! Thomas! Boots, I ſay! — (*Enter* Chambermaid *and two or three Waiters*) Here is the Birmingham coach has been overturned this morning — the gentry frightened out of their wits — and nobody to ſhew them a room, or get them any refreſhment — D'ye chuſe coffee or tea—ſome hot wine and egg, a little warm punch, or a white negro, ladies and gentlemen?

FIRST MAN PASSENGER.

This is flying as they ſay — flying to town in one day, as they call it. — Hoiſted into the coach

at ten o'clock at night, and ſtuck together as cloſe as dried figs — Here, in ſpite of fatigue, we fall aſleep before midnight, and ſoon after wake with a damned craſh, and find ourſelves canted into a ſlough by way of a feather-bed—— Damn their flying, I ſay—a tight ſhip with plenty of ſea-room is worth forty on't.

WOMAN PASSENGER.

I am ſure it's a ſhame, ſo it is, to ſtuff the coach in the manner they do —— ſix inſide paſſengers, two children in lap — three upon the box — four upon the top of the coach, and half a dozen in the baſket—beſides hardware parcels and haunches of veniſon in the boot and the coach ſeats. Such a load! no wonder the machine ſhould break down or turn over.

ANOTHER WOMAN PASSENGER.

Mercy on me! I am in ſuch a pickle—I am aſhamed to be ſeen — and then I ſhall never recover my fright—pray, ma'am, could you get me a little hartſhorn and water?

LANDLADY.

D'ye hear, Chambermaid? why don't you ſtir? —Some hartſhorn and water for the gentlewoman —fly, I ſay!

SECOND MAN PASSENGER.

Get me ſome mulled wine and a dry toaſt— D'ye hear, you Sir? zouns, how this houſe is altered! It uſed to be one of the beſt inns upon the road—but now there's hardly getting any body to come near one — no attendance—no accommodation!

LAND-

LANLADY.

I hopes the gentry will excuſe all faults at preſent — We never were ſo full in our days— we're almoſt hurried out of our lives—every houſe in the town juſt the ſame—all as buſy as bees about the jubalo.

SECOND MAN PASSENGER.

Jubalo! I have heard of nothing but jubilees, and Shakeſpeares, and mulberry-trees, for theſe three months. What the devil is this jubilee?

LANDLADY.

Lack-a-day, Sir, I can hardly tell you myſelf; but it is one of the fineſt things that ever was ſeen—There is the great little gentleman from London, and I don't know how many painters, and carpenters, and muſicianers, and actor-people, come down on purpoſe —Great doings, I promiſe you.

FIRST WOMAN PASSENGER.

Is there to be any dancing, pray?

LANDLADY.

Oh yes — abundance of dancing — but begun with going to church, and ſinging of *antums* and *o-ra-to-ries*, I think they call them — and then there is eating and drinking, and proceſſioning, and maſquerading, and horſe-racing, and fireworks—So gay—and as merry as the day is long.

FIRST MAN PASSENGER.

And the night too, I warrant you, landlady.

LAND-

LANDLADY.

Oh ay; a ball and entertainment, every night, your honour.

[*During this ſcene, coffee, tea, &c. handed round to the paſſengers.*]

Enter Stage-Coachman.

COACHMAN.

The horſes are put to, gentlefolks.

SECOND MAN PASSENGER.

By and by — we are coming, maſter whip!

COACHMAN.

Pleaſe to make a little haſte, my maſter! — this accident has thrown us quite out of our biaſs, as I may ſay—we ſhall be two hours beyond our time before we get to Woodſtock to-day—The fly from London will wonder what is become on us.

FIRST MAN PASSENGER.

No, no: they'll think we have broke our necks, or they have broken their own necks, mayhap.

COACHMAN.

Ah, Heaven bleſs your honour! — you're a merry gentleman.

FIRST MAN PASSENGER.

How many knots dy'e go an hour, brother ſeamen.

COACHMAN.

We goes above ſeven miles an hour — near ſeven and a half—up hill and down, my maſter.

FIRST

FIRST MAN PASSENGER.

Well — you muſt let out a reef or two this morning, to make up for loſt time — but don't overſet the ſhip again.—But come—I am purſer to the ſhip's company—what's to pay, mother?

LANDLADY.

Coffee — tea — wine — and bread and butter—five and four-pence, Sir.

FIRST MAN PASSENGER.

There — there's ſix ſhillings. — Good b'wye, mother—I wiſh you a merry jubalo!

[*Exit Coachman with Paſſengers.*

LANDLADY.

Kindly welcome, Sir! welcome, ladies! kindly welcome! — (*Bell rings*) Richard! anſwer to the Magpye! (*another bell rings*) Thomas! run up to the Moon!—Chamberlain! [*Exit bawling.*

(*Colonel* Frankly *left ſitting at table—Re-enter* Coachman.)

COACHMAN.

The paſſengers are all in, my maſter!

FRANKLY.

A good journey to them!—I ſhall go no farther with them.—Here's for yourſelf, honeſty!

COACHMAN.

Thank you kindly—heaven bleſs you, maſter! [*Exit.*

Colonel Frankly *alone.*

So!—Spite of accidents, I have reached the ſcene of action, however.—Charlotte, I reckon,

arrived yeſterday.—Her father and mother both endeavouring to counteract each other, and ſhe to baffle both.—If our plan of operations does but ſucceed, I ſhall honour the name of Shakeſpeare more than ever—for to us this celebrity will prove moſt truly a jubilee.— But who comes here? As I live, that puppy Marcourt.—The enemy, I ſee, is in motion—but the coxcomb little thinks I am his rival—and, what is whimſical enough, always chuſes to make me his confidant—tho' I ſuppoſe he tells me no more than he tells every body elſe.

Enter Marcourt.

MARCOURT.

La Fleur! Take the baggage off the chaiſe, and come to me immediately.—My dear Frankly! who would have thought of finding you here? What brought you to Stratford upon Avon?

FRANKLY.

The Birmingham ſtage-coach.

MARCOURT.

Oh, ridiculous! And what could cram you into a ſtage-coach?

FRANKLY.

An accident — and another accident had like to have thrown me out of it again. — I have been on a recruiting party in Staffordſhire. — Loſing a wheel of my poſt-chaiſe, about ſix miles off, I was glad to get into the ſtage, which I had ſcarce well done, when it was overturned. My fellow-travellers are but juſt ſet forward for London.

MAR-

MARCOURT.

Yes — I met the plebeians juſt as I drove into the yard.—I have been on the road all night myſelf, egad. I rattled through Oxford at midnight, loud enough to rouſe all the ſleepy fellows of colleges—and am juſt arrived here, where, I find, no body can get a bed to ſleep in.

FRANKLY.

And what hurried you ſo?

MARCOURT.

Why, you muſt know I ſhould have been here laſt night, at fartheſt—but having promiſed to dine at the Macaroni yeſterday with Rocheſter, Brampton, and Evergreen——

FRANKLY.

The noblemen of thoſe titles, d'ye mean?

MARCOURT.

Yes, to be ſure — but you never mention titles — titles of people you live with. 'Tis not the *Ton* —— When you ſay plain *Townly*, *Lovelace*, *Ogleby*, and ſo forth,—People who live in the world mean the Duke, Marquis, or Lord of the name;—but when we ſay Jack Wilſon, George Belford, Ned Thompſon—and ſo on—we mean a commoner—We ſpeak of peers as peers ſubſcribe themſelves in writing—no Chriſtian name—and nothing of the title except the place from which it is taken.

FRANKLY.

I beg your pardon—proceed.

MARCOURT.

Why then being engaged to dine with them, I ſay, I did not ſet out from Pall-Mall till between eight and nine o'clock.—I loſt ſix hundred before the chaiſe came to the door.

FRANKLY.

Deep play!

MARCOURT.

Pooh! nothing at all — Lovelace loſt four and thirty hundred to Jack Airy of the Guards, at the ſame ſitting.—We uſed to ſet ten or twenty, perhaps, ſometime ago—but now, they never make up a *rouleau* of leſs than fifty guineas.—La Fleur! (*calling*) where is this fellow? I muſt get off my boots.

FRANKLY.

Did you ride any part of the way?

MARCOURT.

What in the dark, and on the road?——Oh, no!—— Indeed I hardly ever ride now but in the ſpring, through the three parks; or to pay viſits.

FRANKLY.

Viſits on horſeback?

MARCOURT.

Why not? We all viſit on horſeback ſince the new pavement — and I'm very often out the whole morning without going off the ſtones. — Take horſe at Hall's ſtables, a ſhort bait at Arthur's—a ſlice of pine-apple, and half a dozen of ſcandal and politicks at Betty's—and ſo make the tour of the pariſh of St. James's through the ſquare, Pall-Mall, Piccadilly—and Hall's ſtables again.——But, La Fleur! Where the duce is this

fellow! I ſhan't have my hair dreſt theſe three hours.

FRANKLY.

Not theſe ſix hours, if one may judge by the quantity. —— Is not ſo much hair behind troubleſome?

MARCOURT.

Not at all — So far from it, that above half of it is falſe —— for in an undreſs, unleſs you have a club as thick as both your doubled-fiſts, you are not fit to be ſeen—but with that, a little French hat cut to the quick, that leaves your face as broad as Harry the Eighth's, an ell of ſhirt-ſleeves hanging over a ſhort half-inch pair of ruffles, a coat powdered half way down your back, a tambour waiſtcoat, white linen-breeches, and a taper ſwitch in your hand, your figure, Frankly, muſt be irreſiſtible.

FRANKLY.

Your figure you mean, Marcourt. —— But what could prevail on you to exhibit it at Stratford? Do you intend to make one in the pageant, and ſhew yourſelf as one of the characters of Shakeſpeare?

MARCOURT.

No faith; ſuch an original did not exiſt in his days; and the writers of our time have left off drawing other people's characters for the ſake of expoſing their own.

FRANKLY.

Well — but your buſineſs here, Marcourt?

MARCOURT.

Buſineſs of conſequence, I can tell you, Frankly.—One muſt have a wife, you know, if it is only for the pleaſure of getting rid of her.

FRANK-

FRANKLY.

Oh, I conceive you! A matrimonial affair.

MARCOURT.

Yes —— the old affair with Charlotte. —— We have now brought matters to a criſis.—Old Croſs and his wife—the father and mother, you know—are always quarreling;—no wonder, therefore, they ſquabble about the choice of a huſband for their daughter.—The mother, who is a kind of a couſin of mine, and is deſirous of bringing the girl into the world, has pitched upon me.

FRANKLY.

A wiſe lady!

MARCOURT.

Yes—but the tramontane father——

FRANKLY.

Has choſen ſome other man, I warrant you.

MARCOURT.

He has — but who now, of all mankind, d'ye think is, in his idea, a proper huſband for his daughter? That horrid fellow Kitchen.

FRANKLY.

Kitchen! What, the famous *bon vivant?*

MARCOURT.

The ſame —— a fellow that has not an idea beyond a haunch of veniſon —— Kitchen and old Croſs are of a club; and when Mrs. Croſs and he have been wrangling, Kitchen, who is reckoned a joker at the club, puts him into humour again.

FRANKLY.

But he has ſome real pleaſantry, they ſay.

MARCOURT.

Not he —— dull, dull as colonel Grin, who has got Joe Miller by heart, and is always teazing you with a ſtory.—No *ſplaſh* in the world —His converſation is all table talk,—made up of eating and drinking. — He is a mere walking larder—His mind is a great pantry, from which he is always ſerving up ſome choice diſhes for the entertainment of his friends and acquaintance.

FRANKLY.

But has not he been able to render himſelf a formidable rival?

MARCOURT.

Formidable! ridiculous —— no, no —— the father is his friend indeed,—— but the mother knows reaſon —— and then the girl is ſo fond — poor thing! ſhe doats on me to diſtraction—pretends to join in old Croſs's deſigns in favour of Kitchen, but holds a privy council with the mother and me, and turns every motion to my advantage.—Now this it is, Frankly, that brings me poſt to Stratford.—The father you muſt know—but mum! here comes Kitchen himſelf—I knew we ſhould meet—but I am prepared for him.—I ſhall ſnap the delicious morſel out of his mouth, I promiſe him.

Enter Kitchen *and* Landlord.

KITCHEN.

What! the gout? — hands and feet! honeſt landlord! your wine is not ſound, I am afraid.

LAND-

LANDLORD.

As any in England, Sir.

KITCHEN.

Well — let me have ſome refreſhment then —— I have met with nothing good upon the road, ſince the rolls and trout at Uxbridge.—Every where elſe, plague take them, they gave me nothing but cow beef, ram mutton, red veal, ſtale eggs, and white bacon.

LANDLORD.

You will find the beſt of every thing here, Sir. — We never hear any complaints—and at preſent we have made large proviſions on account of the jubilee.

KITCHEN.

So you had need, landlord; for you ſeem to have an army to eat them up.

MARCOURT.

Prithee, landlord, what is this jubilee? — Mr. Kitchen, your humble ſervant.

KITCHEN.

Your ſervant, Sir. [*Diſtant civility on both ſides —conceitedly on the part of* Marcourt, *and rough on that of* Kitchen.]

LANDLORD.

The jubilee, Sir, is on account of our famous townſman, Shakeſpeare —— the great play-writer, that wrote King Lear and his three Daughters, and Othello Moor of Venice. They ſay he loved veniſon—and, Heaven bleſs him! he has ſet many a haunch going in our houſe—the town is brim full of company.

MAR-

MARCOURT.

If it is a Jubilee, it muſt be nonſenſical. — I was at the Jubilee at Rome ſome years ago.

LANDLORD.

Oh, this is quite another thing, I believe, Sir. There is no popery in our Jubilee, though it began with going to church, they ſay.

KITCHEN.

I never knew any of our travelled fine gentlemen that did not draw compariſons between things totally oppoſite. Between antient Rome and this country, there might be ſome reſemblance; but modern Italy is no more to be compared to Old England, than a ſirloin of beef to a ſpoonful of macaroni.

MARCOURT.

How ſhould a man talk of things abroad, who has paſt his whole life at home? You will allow us, Mr. Kitchen, to be more competent judges, who have travelled, and ſkimmed the cream of Europe.

KITCHEN.

I can travel to more advantage than moſt of you, without ſtirring out of my elbow-chair. — I can digeſt what I read, and chew the cud of reflection upon it.—As for you fine gentlemen, you ſkim the cream of Europe, as you ſay, and bring home nothing but froth, and whipt-ſillabub.

MARCOURT.

Well ſaid, John Bull! — You like Shakeſpeare now, I warrant you.

KITCHEN.

Like him? I adore him! No man of ſenſe, and true taſte can do otherwiſe.

MARCOURT.

Ay, I thought ſo. You prefer his puns and quibbles to the wit and humour of Moliere, I ſuppoſe.

KITCHEN.

No, Sir.—— Bigotry is not the growth of this country, in literature any more than religion. Puns and quibbles were the vicious taſte of the times; and if they made their way into the pulpit, no wonder that they were to be met with on the ſtage. I hate a forced chace of puns and little conceits, as much as you can do.—Sheer wit is like ſheer wine—but a pun or a quibble—rot it—a pun is nothing but jingling the glaſſes.

MARCOURT.

Oh! they are not the only faults of his barbarous farces — as uncouth a medley to preſent to this age as a pageant or a puppet-ſhew. — No foreigner can endure him.

KITCHEN.

They can't taſte him, becauſe they don't underſtand him.

MARCOURT.

They can underſtand him well enough to be ſhocked at his abſurdities. A baby in the firſt act become a grown perſon in the laſt—plays made out of halfpenny ballads—ghoſts and gravediggers, witches and hobgoblins. — Brutus and Caſſius converſing like a couple of Engliſh Common-councilmen. — Hamlet killing a rat — and Othello raving about an old pocket-handkerchief.—There's your Shakeſpeare for you!

KITCHEN.

Now I ſhould have been ſure you had travelled, if I had not known it before. — This is a mere

mere haſh of foreign criticiſm, as falſe as ſuperficial, and made up of envy and ignorance.—Shakeſpeare, Mr. Marcourt—Shakeſpeare is the Turtle of Literature. The lean of him may perhaps be worſe than the lean of any other meat;—but there is a deal of green fat, which is the moſt delicious ſtuff in the world.

FRANKLY.

Indeed, Marcourt, I think the gentleman is too hard for you.

KITCHEN.

A cruſt for the criticks! that's all.

MARCOURT.

Never mind it. I ſhall be too hard for him preſently.

KITCHEN.

I underſtand you—but I don't believe it. Charlotte has no taſte for foreign cookery.

MARCOURT.

Then ſhe has leſs taſte than I imagine — The family are now at Stratford. — Where do they lodge, landlord?

LANDLORD.

Whom does your honour mean?

MARCOURT.

Mr. Croſs and his family?

LANDLORD.

They have taken a whole houſe near the New Hall, Sir.

MARCOURT.

I'll tell you what Mr. Kitchen — I'll give you a hundred pounds to receive a thouſand on my marriage with Charlotte.

KITCHEN.

With all my heart; and I'll lay you a hogſhead of claret you never marry her at all.

MARCOURT.

Done.

KITCHEN.

And done again.—And if you have a mind for any other bet, this gentleman ſhall hold the ſtakes.

FRANKLY.

Have a care I don't run away with them!

KITCHEN.

Never fear!

MARCOURT.

Come then!—firſt to dreſs, and then for the Signora!

KITCHEN.

And I ſay, firſt for a little refreſhment.—Ceres and Bacchus are the warmeſt friends of Venus.—I never found that love took away my ſtomach. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT II.

SCENE *an apartment in* Croſs's *houſe—Mr. and Mrs.* Croſs *at Breakfaſt. They ſit ſilent ſome time.*

CROSS.

WELL! am I to have another diſh of tea or no, Mrs. Croſs?

Mrs. CROSS.

Lord, Mr. Croſs! I wonder you did not find fault that I had not poured out the ſecond diſh before you drank the firſt!

CROSS.

Pſhaw! [*Throwing a ſlice of bread and butter on the plate.*

Mrs. CROSS.

What's the matter now, Mr. Croſs?

CROSS.

Matter!—the bread's bad—the butter's rank—and the tea as coarſe as chopt hay.—It's a ſtrange thing one can never have a comfortable breakfaſt!

Mrs. CROSS.

There is no ſuch thing as comfort, wherever you are—The bread is as good bread as ever was taſted —

taſted—the butter's as ſweet as a violet—and the tea is the beſt ſixteen-ſhilling green in the world—But in town it's juſt the ſame thing—You do nothing but find fault there too—tho' I have my ſugar from Fenchurch-ſtreet—my tea from the Graſshopper—and the beſt Epping butter from the corner of Savile-row.

CROSS.

Ay; you have your particular place for every thing—Not becauſe it's better, but becauſe it's the faſhion—You would ſooner give a crown a yard more for a ſilk than buy it any where but on Ludgate-Hill—But I am never in the right in any thing—I dare ſay now you will inſiſt upon it, that this room is not damp—tho' I can ſwear it was not dry when I came down this morning—I ſhall catch my death of cold I ſuppoſe.

Mrs. CROSS.

Lord!—you're ſo delicate — You may think yourſelf very well off to have a good houſe over your head, when ſo many people are glad to lie in a hayloft, and to lodge their ſervants in landaus and poſt-chaiſes.

CROSS.

Well — it's no matter — I deſerve it — what the plague had I to do at Stratford?—Such a ridiculous journey! I wonder how I could be ſuch a blockhead as to give into it—And as for yourſelf too, you care no more for Shakeſpeare, than I for the Pope of Rome.

Mrs. CROSS.

And what does that ſignify, as to going to the jubilee? Are not all the people of condition round the country to be here? Shakeſpeare is nothing

nothing to the purpoſe; I would not ſee the fineſt play the man ever wrote but in a ſide-box — And one only goes into the ſide-box, becauſe it's going into the beſt company.

CROSS.

Yes, that's reaſon enough for you to do any thing — Becauſe a Counteſs, who has a range of rooms as long as Pall-Mall, gets the whole town together at her route—You muſt have a route too, and ſqueeze all your acquaintance into two cloſets and a cupboard—Nay, laſt winter, when the town ran maſquerade-mad, you got a ridiculous party of about eighteen or twenty fops and flirts, to make fools of themſelves, and called it a maſquerade.

Mrs. CROSS.

I am ſure every body admired the ſtile of the illumination — and then neither Negri nor Robinſon ever ſet out a more elegant ſide-board — Lady Frankair called it Mrs. Cornelys' in miniature— But you have no notion of any thing that's genteel—You are not fit to live among the world.

CROSS.

The world! Zounds, madam, does your map of the world comprehend only two pariſhes?— The inhabitants of which laugh at all the reſt for aping them! Don't you ſee that this narrow circle that you call *the world*, deſpiſe all you that are out of it, and want to force your way into it? Are not they perpetually running away from you? And are not they carrying London to Hampſtead and Highgate on purpoſe to get rid of you?

Mrs. CROSS.

This is all mere ſcandal and malice—It is very well known that I ſee none but the firſt people—

And if you had not affronted Sir Peter Levee, he would have engaged to make Charlotte a maid of honour.

CROSS.

And I'll make her what moſt maids of honour would wiſh to be — The wife of a man of good ſenſe with a handſome fortune.

Mrs. CROSS.

Not of Mr. Kitchen, I hope.

CROSS.

And why not Mr. Kitchen, madam?

Mrs. CROSS.

He had better marry his cook-maid—a wretch! —He never mixes with a perſon of faſhion, except by chance at Bath, where he goes to recover his digeſtion after having over-eat himſelf.

CROSS.

And that flimſy piece of quality-binding, Marcourt, is always running after a title, like a child after a butterfly — He is a mere Lord-hunter, and loſes all the little ſenſe and money he has in the purſuit.

Mrs. CROSS.

Nobody deſpiſes good company, but thoſe that have not accompliſhments to qualify themſelves to get into it. Mr. Marcourt ſees every body— ſubſcribes to Almack's, and (the firſt vacant borough) my Lord Neverout will bring him into parliament.

CROSS.

With all my heart; ſo as the puppy does not put himſelf up as a candidate for my daughter.

Mrs. CROSS.

Mrs. CROSS.

I am ſure, if ever ſhe has any thing to ſay to that Mr. Kitchen, ſhe deſerves to be confined for a mad woman.

CROSS.

There are a great many mad women, that are not confined at all.

Mrs. CROSS.

And there is ſuch a thing as a melancholy mad man, who is of all others, the moſt miſerable in himſelf, and the moſt ſhocking to other people.

CROSS.

Don't provoke me, Mrs. Croſs! Don't provoke me! You know I can't bear it.

Mrs. CROSS.

What's the matter with the man? Have I ſaid a ſingle thing to give you the leaſt provocation? I won't ſpeak another word.

They ſit ſilent a little while.

CROSS.

A puppy! [*muttering.*

Mrs. CROSS.

Ti tum dum! [*humming.*

CROSS.

A coxcombical fellow that— [*muttering.*

Mrs. CROSS.

Li tum ti— [*humming.*

CROSS.

A provoking woman!

Mrs. CROSS.

Tum ti tum tee— [*humming.*

CROSS.

Zouns! there's no bearing this uſage —— I have a good mind to order the chaiſe, and ſet out for London immediately.

Mrs. CROSS.

Lord, Mr. Croſs, why do you put yourſelf ſo much out of temper? Am not I as quiet as a lamb?

CROSS.

You know—— You know, Mrs. Croſs, that this cool inſolence is ten times more provoking than paſſion—But I'll ſay no more to you—I am a fool to mind your nonſenſe. [*takes a paper and reads.*

Mrs. CROSS. [*after a little while.*]

Will you have any more tea, Mr. Croſs?

CROSS.

No. [*without looking off the paper.*

Mrs. CROSS.

Shall I ſend away the things?

CROSS.

Pſhaw! [*turns round in his chair.*

Mrs. CROSS.

John! (*Servant enters*) take away the tea-things!

CROSS.

Let them alone!

Mrs. CROSS.

Why, have not you done breakfaſt, Mr. Croſs?

CROSS.

No.

SERVANT.

Mr. Kitchen, Sir, is juſt come to wait on you.

Mrs. CROSS.

Pooh!

CROSS.

Mr. Kitchen! ſhew him up immediately! (*exit Servant,* ——*Mrs. Croſs following*) Stay, madam! I inſiſt upon your not leaving the room.

Mrs. CROSS.

What ſhould I ſtay for? I have nothing to ſay to him.

CROSS.

I don't care—I won't have him affronted.

[*Mrs. Croſs throws herſelf into a chair.*

Enter Kitchen.

CROSS.

My dear friend!

KITCHEN.

Sir, I am heartily glad to ſee you — Madam, your moſt humble ſervant! — [*to Mrs. Croſs.*

Mrs. CROSS.

Your ſervant, Sir. [*pouting.*

CROSS.

Well—but where's your ſervant and your portmanteau?

KITCHEN.

At the White Lion.

CROSS.

Oh, you muſt order them here — you muſt be with us during the jubilee: we have a very good room for you.

Re-enter Servant.

SERVANT.

Mr. Marcourt, madam, is come to wait on you.

Mrs. CROSS.

Oh, I am glad of it — ſhew him into my dreſſing-room, I'll wait on him there — Mr. Kitchen, your humble ſervant. [*Exit haſtily.*

KITCHEN.

Your ſervant, madam.

CROSS.

Harkye, John!

SERVANT. [*Returning.*]

Sir!

CROSS.

Tell my daughter Charlotte to come here.

SERVANT.

Yes, Sir. [*Exit.*

KITCHEN.

Well, Sir, I have obeyed your orders, you ſee. — I have croſſed the country from the Weſt of England, on purpoſe to attend you. — Colonel Cramwell, Lord Pepper, and two or three more of us, have been on a coaſting party.—It has been a delightful ſummer; and I think I never knew the whitings, turbots, brills, red mullets, and John Dories in higher perfection.

CROSS.

I am moſt heartily glad to ſee you, Mr. Kitchen; and this meeting will, I think, be deciſive.—Our ſchemes are now ripe for execution—I have humoured my wife in this ridiculous journey, merely becauſe it gave me a better opportunity of thwarting

thwarting her in the grand point of Charlotte's marriage.—This houſe, you muſt know, has been taken in our name for this month, under the pretence of attending this jubilee—but *really* in order to make the family pariſhioners—by which means the banns have been aſked, as the law requires, between you and Charlotte—and the miniſter is prepared to perform the ceremony this very morning.

KITCHEN.

But is Miſs Charlotte prepared for it?

CROSS.

Perfectly — Charlotte is a ſhrewd clever girl; and tho' ſhe carries it fair with her mother, will do every thing that I bid her, and is wholly in your intereſt. —— Oh, here ſhe is!

Enter Charlotte.

Come hither, Charlotte! I have once more the pleaſure of preſenting Mr. Kitchen to you, and by and by I hope you will receive him as my ſon-in-law.

CHARLOTTE.

Don't you think, Sir, I have a hard taſk of it between you and my mama? Your commands are as oppoſite as north and ſouth, and yet you both expect to be obeyed.

CROSS.

Never tell me — I am maſter of the family — it is her duty to honour and obey; and I am reſolved to be abſolute.

CHARLOTTE.

Ah, my dear papa —— Your inſiſting ſo eternally upon your right, is the very thing that renders

renders it ſo difficult to maintain it. All women love power; and the beſt way of ſecuring their obedience, is to tell them that they govern you.

CROSS.

Did not I ſay, ſhe was a ſhrewd girl, Mr. Kitchen?

KITCHEN.

The young lady is perfectly in the right. A wife is like a trout; ſhe muſt be tickled, Mr. Croſs.

CROSS.

Well — but have you prepared matters? How do you propoſe to manage it?

CHARLOTTE.

Juſt as I have managed every thing elſe: while my mama ſuppoſes I approve of *her* choice, ſhe has no ſuſpicion of my favouring your own — but what d'ye think ſhe would ſay, if I was to tell her that Mr. Marcourt was my averſion?—I have never dropt a ſingle word to her in behalf of Mr. Kitchen.

CROSS.

Well, well — that may be right enough perhaps. —— But no wonder that Marcourt's your averſion. He is one of the moſt empty feather-headed coxcombs in town.

KITCHEN.

An inſipid fellow, Madam!—neither pepper nor ſalt in him.

CROSS.

True. My daughter has not the leaſt reliſh for him. —— But Charlotte! won't it be difficult to carry on this affair in the midſt of ſo much company?

CHAR-

CHARLOTTE.

Oh no! the more, the merrier, Sir.

KITCHEN.

But the fewer, the better cheer, Madam.

CHARLOTTE.

Not in this inſtance, Sir. This jubilee is a fortunate circumſtance. One is never ſo private as in a croud, you know.

KITCHEN.

Why that's true. Intrigues carried on in the face of the world are always leaſt liable to detection —— and now-a-days moſt people ſeem to act upon that principle.

CHARLOTTE.

A truce with your ſatire, Sir; for we are not to act barefaced, I aſſure you: and the jubilee concluding with a maſquerade affords us an admirable opportunity —— Do you — Lord, I'm a mad girl —I was going to make an aſſignation with you before my father's face.

CROSS.

Do! do—I inſiſt on it.

CHARLOTTE.

Why then I ſhall ſlip on my dreſs, which is a blue Turkiſh habit, directly, after dinner, and in that I ſhall expect you about ſeven o'clock.

KITCHEN.

I am a Turk, if I do not attend you.

CHARLOTTE.

Take care, I don't find you a Baſhaw.

KITCHEN

KITCHEN.

A downright Engliſh huſband, I promiſe you: —No water-drinking religion for me, Madam; I ſhall break the laws of Mahomet, this very evening, and toaſt your health in a bumper of the moſt generous wine to be found in the town of Stratford.

CROSS.

Temperance! temperance 'till after to-morrow, I beſeech you, Mr. Kitchen! after that you may drink up the Avon.

KITCHEN.

I would not give a guinea a ton for it —— Shakeſpeare upon the banks, and the perch out of the ſtream, are all I want of it.

CROSS.

But come —— we muſt bid Charlotte good-morrow—I'll attend you to the Inn, and order your ſervant and baggage up hither.

CHARLOTTE.

What will mama ſay to that?

CROSS.

I don't care what ſhe ſays; I will have it ſo.

CHARLOTTE.

How! relapſing already, papa? Mama muſt not be made uneaſy for many reaſons —— ſo don't be angry or jealous if I take very little notice of you to-day, Mr. Kitchen.

KITCHEN.

No; but, to-morrow morning——ay, and to-morrow evening——Oh that the Doctor had but ſaid grace! The very thought creates an appetite.

[*Exeunt* Croſs *and* Kitchen.

CHAR-

Charlotte *alone.*

I don't know a young lady with more buſineſs upon her hands than myſelf. My father and his friend to treat with on one hand, my mother and her dainty quater-couſin to negotiate with on the other—and all the while, like a true miniſter, to attend to nothing but my own ſeparate intereſt—It puts me in mind of ſome of the road-poſts I ſaw upon our journey, pointing three ways at once.

LETTICE. [*Peeping in.*]

Is the coaſt clear?

CHARLOTTE.

I am all alone. What's the matter, Lettice?

LETTICE.

Only a letter from Colonel Frankly.

CHARLOTTE.

He is arrived, I hope.

LETTICE.

Safe arrived, Madam. He is at the White Lion.

CHARLOTTE.

But where is the letter!

LETTICE.

Bleſs me! I have not loſt it ſure —— Oh no! here it is, Ma'am!—[*gives the letter, which* Charlotte *reads while* Lettice *is talking.*] Ah, you may take your leave of love-letters now. Marriage makes a wonderful alteration in ſtile and ſentiment.—The letters of married people are like your papa's and mama's converſation.

CHARLOTTE.

Well—I hope nobody ſaw it delivered to you?

LETTICE.

Nobody but your ſiſter Sally. Ah, ſhe's a ſly little urchin! tho' ſhe is but a few years younger than you, ſhe has cut all her eye-teeth, I aſſure you, Madam. She aſked me, if that was not colonel Frankly's livery—and then ſhe looked as cunning and roguiſh —— ſhe knows what's what, I promiſe you, Madam.—Here the little romp comes.

Enter Sally *running*.

SALLY.

Oh ſiſter, ſiſter! I am come to give you joy, ſiſter.

CHARLOTTE.

Joy! of what, my dear?

SALLY.

Colonel Frankly is arrived, ſiſter!

CHARLOTTE.

Well! and what's that to me? why ſhould you wiſh me joy upon that account?

SALLY.

Oh, I know why well enough—I am no more a fool than my elder ſiſter.

CHARLOTTE.

What does the child mean?

SALLY.

Child indeed! you were no ſimpleton at my age, I warrant you, ſiſter.

CHARLOTTE.

And what then?

SALLY.

Come, come! I ſee you are afraid of me — but you need not, I promiſe you — and I ſhall have ten times more pleaſure in helping you out, than I could poſſibly have in telling papa and mama.

LETTICE.

Ah, you're a rare one! You'll make a fine young lady one of theſe days, I warrant you.

SALLY.

You truſt Lettice here I know well enough, and you had better truſt me too, I can tell you, ſiſter. Nay, ſuppoſing I could do you no good, it is in my power to do you a great deal of miſchief.

CHARLOTTE.

What! do you threaten me then?

SALLY.

No, indeed and indeed, I don't, ſiſter. If I knew all your ſecrets, I would not hurt you for the world.

LETTICE.

And will you be a good little girl now—and tell nobody—and do every thing we bid you?

SALLY.

That I will—Tell me all, and if I tell papa or mama, or any body elſe, I wiſh I may die, ſiſter!

LETTICE.

E'en tell her, Ma'am! She loves a little roguery to her heart—and then ſhe is ſuch an arch

little ſoul, I think ſhe may be of uſe—I have cut out ſome buſineſs for her already.

SALLY.

I am glad of it—For goodneſs-ſake let me know it—I'll play my part as well as any of you.

LETTICE.

Ay, I'll be bound for you.

SALLY.

Well—Colonel Frankly is a charming man to be ſure—and as my elder ſiſter has a colonel, I think I have a right to a captain.

CHARLOTTE.

Huſh, my dear! You will be overheard by the family.

SALLY.

No, I ſhan't —— Papa is juſt gone out with Mr. Kitchen, and Mama is in her dreſſing room with Mr. Marcourt. She deſires to ſee you there as ſoon as the proceſſion is over.

CHARLOTTE.

I know her buſineſs, and can ſcarce bear the thoughts of it. How diſagreeable it is to live in a ſtate of perpetual diſſimulation with both my parents!

LETTICE.

Never mind it, Ma'am! never mind it!—It is entirely their own faults. They have each of them encouraged and adviſed you to practiſe deceit; and neither of them can blame you for following their inſtructions.

CHARLOTTE.

Ah, Lettice, it is a poor apology for our faults to excuſe them by thoſe of other people.

LETTICE.

Their conduct is an excuſe for every thing.—

They adviſe you to diſſemble to bring their ſchemes to bear—and you take their advice in order to compaſs your own.

SALLY.

But come, Lettice—Why don't you tell me what I am to do? I long to be buſy.

LETTICE.

We may be interrupted here. Come into your ſiſter's room — You muſt tell a little fib or two.

SALLY.

Oh, let me alone! I ſhall not be at a loſs for that, I warrant you.—Lord, how grave you look, ſiſter.

CHARLOTTE.

My dear, don't you think I have ſome reaſon?

SALLY.

Reaſon! no indeed—Are not you going to be married?—Well, you eldeſt daughters have a fine time of it to take place of your younger ſiſters in every thing—but no matter—I ſhall grow older and older every day, you know.

CHARLOTTE.

Go, you little madcap!

SALLY.

I ſhall dance at your wedding, I promiſe you.

LETTICE.

Hold your tongue, you little devil you!

SALLY. [*Singing.*]

Well, well, ſay no more!
Sure you told me before.
I prithee, go talk to your parrot, your parrot;
I'm not ſuch an elf,
Tho' I ſay it myſelf,
But I know a ſheep's head from a carrot, a carrot.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a ſtreet in* Stratford; *on one ſide the houſe wherein* SHAKESPEARE *was born.*

The PAGEANT,

Exhibiting the Characters of Shakeſpeare.

Martial Muſick.

ROMAN CHARACTERS.

Soldiers — two by two.

Faſces.

Trophies — S. P. Q. R. &c.

CORIOLANUS.

Roman Ladies — diſhevelled.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

The Roman Eagle.

Brutus and Caſſius — bearing Daggers.

Soft Muſick.

ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

Charmion and Iras.

Grand Muſick.

OLD ENGLISH CHARACTERS.

KING JOHN.
Conſtance, Prince Arthur, and Hubert.

RICHARD the THIRD.
Edward the Sixth — and Duke of York.

HARRY the Eighth.
Cardinal Wolſey.

Coronation Anthem.

Anne Bullen under Coronation Canopy.
Attendants.

Magical Muſick "above, about, and underneath."

PROSPERO.
Miranda and Ferdinand.
Drunken Sailors.
Trinculo and Caliban.
Ariel.
Dæmons and other Spirits.

Macbeth's Muſick.

HECATE.
Witches — two by two.
The two Baby Spirits. — One with a Crown, the other with a Bough.

Fairy Muſick.

OBERON and TITANIA—in a Nutſhell.
Other Fairies.

Solemn Muſick.

The TRAGICK MUSE.

OTHELLO and DESDEMONA.

GHOST in HAMLET.
Hamlet, following the Ghoſt, with his ſword drawn.
Ophelia in her Madneſs.

LEAR and CORDELIA.

JACHIMO.
POSTHUMUS and IMOGEN.
Bellarius between the two Brothers.

MACBETH, with Daggers bloody.
Banquo's Ghoſt.
Lady Macbeth with the Candle.

FRIAR LAWRENCE.

Dead March in Saul.

Juliet's Bier. Attendants.

Allegro.

Allegro.

The COMICK MUSE.

Shallow and Silence.
Slender and Dr. Caius.
Ford, Sir Hugh Evans, and Page.
Mrs. Quickly and Piſtol.
Bardolph and Nym.
Mrs. Ford, Falſtaff, and Mrs. Page.

TOUCHSTONE and LANCELOT.

MALVOLIO, croſs-gartered.

Andante.

FLORIZEL and PERDITA.
Autolicus.

ANTONIO and BASSANIO.
Portia and Neriſſa, (as Lawyers.)]
Shylock—with Knife, Scales, and Bond.

Flouriſh.

DRAMATICK TROPHIES.

PEGASUS.

APOLLO.

The Car (drawn by the Muſes) containing the Buſt of SHAKESPEARE, crowned by TIME and FAME.

And attended by the THREE GRACES.

Cupids, Satyrs, Bacchanals, &c.

AIR. By Mrs. MATTOCKS.

I.

Sweeteſt Bard that ever ſung,
Nature's glory, Fancy's child;
Never ſure did witching tongue,
Warble forth ſuch wood-notes wild!

II.

Come each Muſe, and ſiſter Grace,
Loves and Pleaſures hither come;
Well you know this happy place,
Avon's banks were once your home.

III.

Bring the laurel, bring the flow'rs,
Songs of triumph to him raiſe;
He united all your pow'rs,
All uniting, ſing his praiſe!

Ode on Dedicating a Building to Shakeſpeare.

ACT

ACT III.

Charlotte *and* Sally *meeting* Lettice.—Charlotte *in a pink domino*—Lettice *in a blue Turkiſh habit.*

LETTICE.

WELL! have you been with your mama and Mr. Marcourt, madam?

CHARLOTTE.

I have.

LETTICE.

And what have you done?

CHARLOTTE.

Told them every thing that paſt between me and my papa.

LETTICE.

Indeed!

CHARLOTTE.

To be ſure. I have done ſo all along, you know; and this has inſpired ſo much confidence on each ſide, that neither one nor the other entertain the leaſt ſuſpicion of my deceiving them both.

LETTICE.

But how have you ſettled matters, madam?

CHARLOTTE.

I think, very cleverly. Mr. Marcourt has ſuggeſted to my mama, that there is nothing ſo much like a perſon of faſhion, as to receive maſks at your own houſe before going to the publick maſquerade: ſo our doors are to be thrown open to all Stratford. You are (as we ſettled at firſt) to amuſe Mr. Kitchen in that habit; and I am, as my mama ſuppoſes, to go off with Mr. Marcourt in this.

LETTICE.

But your mama will find herſelf ſadly deceived.

SALLY.

Yes; — I am to manage that, Lettice. My ſiſter has given me my cue—and never truſt me, if I don't make a fool of him.

LETTICE.

Oh, I don't doubt you.

CHARLOTTE.

All we want at preſent is a little time, Lettice. Colonel Frankly, you may be ſure, will be here. The other parties muſt be put upon a wrong ſcent, and in the mean while I ſhall give my hand to the colonel, which my papa and mama have ſeverally deſtined to Mr. Marcourt and Mr. Kitchen.

LETTICE.

But how am I to treat Mr. Kitchen?

CHARLOTTE.

Why thus — Ha! yonder comes Mr. Marcourt. Come into the next room, Lettice, and I'll explain every thing — Now remember your inſtructions, Sally!

SALLY.

SALLY.

Let me alone! go, and give Lettice her leſſon: I am perfect in mine.

LETTICE.

Ay, you are an apt ſcholar, I'll warrant you.

CHARLOTTE.

Well! ſucceſs attend you! Come, Lettice!

[*Exeunt* Charlotte *and* Lettice.

Sally *alone.*

Now for as many fibs as I ever told my mama or my governeſs! Here the gentleman comes—full of pride and conceit.—He is a pretty man too—but I don't like him half ſo well as Colonel Frankly.

Enter Marcourt.

MARCOURT.

Ha! my little puppet! what do you do here all alone, my dear?

SALLY.

Nothing at all, not I, Sir.

MARCOURT.

You ſeem dull, my dear. Come, let us chatter a little, and that will put you in ſpirits.

SALLY.

Will it? why what will you ſay to me, Sir?

MARCOURT.

Say to you? I'll tell you you're as handſome as a little angel.

SALLY.

Ah! but do you really believe ſo, Sir?

MAR.

MARCOURT.

Yes indeed do I—I could almoſt find in my heart to make love to you.

SALLY.

Oh, but they ſay I am too little yet awhile—but have a little patience, and I ſhall be as tall as my ſiſter.

MARCOURT.

That you will very ſoon, my little dear! and when I am married to your ſiſter, I'll take care to get you a huſband.

SALLY.

Oh dear! you married to my ſiſter! when will that be, I wonder?

MARCOURT.

Very ſoon, my dear! to-day, or to-morrow, perhaps.

SALLY.

To-morrow come-never, I believe.

MARCOURT.

Why ſo, my dear?

SALLY.

Ah, you want to pump me. But I muſt not tell tales, you know. I ſhall be huffed if I do.

MARCOURT.

Egad, I may be tricked here—(*aſide.*) Well, but, my little dear, you may tell *me*—You ſhall come to no harm, I promiſe you.

SALLY.

And won't you ſay that I told you?

MARCOURT.

No: I'll ſwear—

SAL-

SALLY.

Oh dear! don't you ſwear: that's haughty——and will frighten me.

MARCOURT.

Well— upon my honour then, nobody ſhall know that you told me.

SALLY.

But is there nobody liſtening?

MARCOURT.

Not a creature—we're all alone—Come now! hide nothing from me; there's a good little ſoul!

SALLY.

Why then—you are impoſed upon, Sir.

MARCOURT.

Ay? egad, I was afraid ſo—but how? how, my dear?

SALLY.

As they think I am but a child, they don't mind what they ſay before me—ſo I hear all their contrivances.

MARCOURT.

Well! what are they?

SALLY.

It made me mad to think they ſhould abuſe ſuch a charming pretty gentleman, as you are. I am ſure, if I was my ſiſter, I ſhould like you a thouſand times better than Mr. Kitchen.

MARCOURT.

What a ſenſible little creature it is!—There's a good child!—but what were the contrivances you were ſpeaking of?

SAL-

SALLY.

For my ſiſter to go off with Mr. Kitchen, and be married to him.

MARCOURT.

Ay! how?

SALLY.

In a blue Turkiſh habit.

MARCOURT.

Oh, I know that.

SALLY.

No, indeed, but you don't, Sir. I know what you think well enough. I heard my ſiſter ſay that ſhe had fairly told mama and you, that ſhe had ſettled it ſo with papa, only to throw you the more off you guard, and make you believe ſhe would go along with you in a pink domino. I pretended to be for Mr. Marcourt, ſays ſhe: but indeed, ſays ſhe, I ſhall do as my papa would have me, for all that. I'll put on the blue Turkiſh habit, and go with Mr. Kitchen.

MARCOURT.

So, ſo! I am to be bubled then.

SALLY.

That you will, if you don't look after the lady in the Turkiſh habit, I can tell you, Sir.

MARCOURT.

Oh, I ſhall take care, I warrant you.

SALLY.

Ay, you know all their ſecrets now; but if you ſay I told you, I'll never let you know any thing again.

MAR-

MARCOURT.

Never fear, my dear. — I'll blow up all their plots, and pretend I diſcovered them by accident.

SALLY.

Do, do!—But I muſt leave you now, Sir; for if my ſiſter, or papa, or Lettice, ſhould ſee us together, they may ſuſpect ſomething.

MARCOURT.

So they may — but before you go, let me give you one kiſs for your intelligence!

SALLY.

Oh, no! I muſt not kiſs the gentlemen.

MARCOURT.

Go, you little coquet, you!

SALLY.

However, I'll make you one of my beſt dancing curtſies.

MARCOURT.

Oh, your ſervant, Miſs!

[*She makes him a low curtſy—but as he turns away, holds up her hands and laughs at him—He turns ſuddenly towards her—ſhe calls up a grave look, makes him another low curtſy, and runs away romping.*]

Marcourt *alone.*

A lucky diſcovery this—and very whimſically made too—Fools and children always ſpeak truth, they ſay—But Charlotte cannot ſeriouſly prefer Kitchen to me—I think I may venture to ſay that's impoſſible—No! She has given into this, merely

to oblige her father, and will be happy to ſee his intentions defeated. I'll about it inſtantly—It ſhall be done, my dear, on purpoſe to oblige you. [*Exit.*

A Hall.

Enter Mrs. Croſs *and* Lettice.

Mrs. CROSS.

Well, I declare I am quite delighted with this idea of Mr. Marcourt's, of receiving maſks at home. It is ſo much in the ſtile of people of condition—The gentility of it pleaſes me almoſt as much as contradicting my huſband.

LETTICE.

It is a great happineſs that maſquerades are coming into faſhion again. It gives a lady a fine opportunity of having her own way, to be ſure, ma'am.

Mrs. CROSS.

So it does, Lettice, as Mr. Croſs ſhall experience. Charlotte has followed my directions, I hope?

LETTICE.

To a tittle, ma'am—You ſee I am ready dreſt for the purpoſe.

Mrs. CROSS.

Very well. I ſhall have witneſſes of my triumph too—That will be charming. Is every thing ready in the apartments to receive the company?

LETTICE.

Every thing, ma'am.

Mrs. CROSS.

Have they moved the partition between the fore and back room?

LET-

LETTICE.

They have, ma'am.

Mrs. CROSS.

Have they ſtuck the ends of *ſpermaceti* in the girandoles? And have you ſent to the Apothecary's for a ſufficient quantity of cream of tartar to make lemonade?

LETTICE.

Your orders have been exactly obeyed, ma'am.

Mrs. CROSS.

Mighty well. You know I die, if I have not every thing in the higheſt ſtile——If I give but a plate of bread and butter, I give it like a perſon of condition. But I muſt go, and do the honours of the houſe—I ſee ſome maſks going into the yellow-room—I have ſent cards to every body one knows that's at Stratford—And I expect a member of parliament with his wife and daughters, the dowager lady Codille, Sir Thomas Frippery, and a yellow admiral—Be ſure you take care, Lettice! [*Exit.*

Lettice *alone.*

Yes; I ſhall take care of more than you are aware, I promiſe you, madam—How happy the old gentlewoman makes herſelf, in her ſucceſs, as ſhe fancies it! My maſter is in the very ſame caſe—And my young lady too much for them both. Surely there muſt be ſome very extraordinary pleaſure in a man's plaguing his wife, and a woman's tormenting her huſband. My maſter and miſtreſs think of nothing elſe. They are like flint and ſteel, perpetually ſtriking fire out of each other—Oh, here

comes Mr. Kitchen—As true to his appointment as if it was an invitation to turtle or veniſon—Now for a little maſquerade frolick! [*puts on her maſk.*

Enter Kitchen.

KITCHEN.

Your ſervant, madam!

LETTICE.

Your ſervant, good ſir! [*pulling off her maſk.*

KITCHEN.

What! is it you, Mrs. Lettice? I thought it had been Miſs Charlotte.

LETTICE.

No, ſir; my miſtreſs could not poſſibly come herſelf—And ſo ſhe has ſent me in her place.

KITCHEN.

I am obliged to you for coming; but I have been ſworn at Highgate, Mrs. Lettice, and never take the maid inſtead of the miſtreſs.

LETTICE.

But I ſuppoſe you have no objection to take the maid in order to get at the miſtreſs?

KITCHEN.

No, no; but what's the meaning of all this? How came you here in that habit?

LETTICE.

I'll tell you, ſir; Mrs. Croſs, you know, is as much ſet againſt you, as my maſter is your friend—And my young lady has a ſad time with them both together, poor ſoul!

KITCHEN.

So ſhe has, and yet ſhe manages them pretty well too. She mixes with them as kindly as an egg between oil and vinegar.

LETTICE.

Why ſhe muſt ſeem to oblige my old lady, but her inclinations are entirely with you and her papa.

KITCHEN.

Yes, yes, I know that, Lettice.

LETTICE.

But to make ſhort of my ſtory, ſir; her mama having unluckily diſcovered that Miſs Charlotte had promiſed to meet you in this habit, inſiſts on my putting it on, dreſſes her daughter in a pink domino, and ſends her to meet Mr. Marcourt.

KITCHEN.

The devil!

LETTICE.

Patience, ſir! my young lady has turned all this to your advantage.

KITCHEN.

By what means?

LETTICE.

She has contrived to make Mr. Marcourt imagine he is impoſed upon. Her little ſiſter, who is as ſharp as a needle, has been ſet to tell him, that Miſs Charlotte ſtill intends to meet you in this habit. This puts him upon a falſe train—Sends him in purſuit of me—And in the mean while you are to give my miſtreſs the meeting near the great booth, ſir.

KIT-

KITCHEN.

Excellent! I'll away this very inſtant.

LETTICE.

Stay, ſir! As I live yonder comes Mr. Marcourt. If he ſees you leave me ſo abruptly, he will hardly take me for my young miſtreſs. Suppoſe you ſeem to have me under your care, and wait a few moments for a favourable opportunity to ſlip off to your appointment.

KITCHEN.

I'll do it.

LETTICE.

He's juſt here. I muſt on with my maſk—and not open my lips for fear of diſcovery.

[*puts on her maſk.*

Enter Marcourt.

MARCOURT.

There they are, egad—juſt as the little girl told me—Your ſervant, ma'am. (Lettice *curtſies.*) Your ſervant, Mr. Kitchen!

KITCHEN.

Your humble ſervant, ſir!

MARCOURT.

Give me leave, ſir, to pay my reſpects to that lady.

KITCHEN.

Excuſe me, ſir. This lady has nothing to ſay to you.

MARCOURT.

You are miſtaken, ſir. I came on purpoſe to meet her.

KIT-

KITCHEN.

That cannot be, ſir—This is an acquaintance of mine—and not the lady you mean.

MARCOURT.

But I am convinced it is, ſir.

KITCHEN.

Pooh! prithee, man! A lady in a maſk is like a diſh under cover; you can never tell what it is.

MARCOURT.

Pardon me, ſir. This may be diſguiſed in the dreſſing, but I like the diſh and muſt taſte of it.

[*taking hold of Lettice.*

KITCHEN.

Let the lady alone, ſir!

MARCOURT.

This way, madam!

KITCHEN.

Zouns, Mr. Marcourt——[Marcourt *ſtruggles with* Lettice—*ſhe ſcreams*—]

Enter Croſs *and Mrs.* Croſs.

CROSS.

Hey-day! What is all this?

KITCHEN.

Only Mr. Marcourt, ſir, that will fall on without invitation. Here's a lady complains of his rudeneſs.

CROSS.

Rudeneſs! in my houſe! for ſhame, Mr. Marcourt! This is your man of quality, Mrs. Croſs.

MAR-

MARCOURT.

Only a maſquerade frolick; nothing elſe, ſir.

CROSS.

Well then—by the laws of all maſquerades, the maſk being taken off puts an end to impertinence—Pull off your maſk, and put him to the bluſh, madam.

KITCHEN.

By no means, ſir.

CROSS.

Why not? She ſhall pull it off, and teach him how to behave himſelf.

Mrs. CROSS.

No, no; the lady muſt not pull her maſk off.

CROSS.

But I ſay, ſhe ſhall.

Mrs. CROSS.

But I ſay ſhe ſhall not.

CROSS.

But ſhe ſhall, Mrs. Croſs.

Mrs. CROSS.

But ſhe ſhall not, Mr. Croſs.

MARCOURT.

Ay, ay, let the lady unmask, and I'll be ſatisfied.

Mrs. CROSS.

What! are you mad, Mr. Marcourt.

MARCOURT.

My dear Mrs. Croſs, you are not in the ſecret! (*takes hold of* Lettice.)

LET-

LETTICE.

No violence, I beſeech you, Sir! the ſight is not worth ſo much importunity. (*unmaſks.*)

MARCOURT.

Confuſion!—Lettice?

LETTICE.

At your ſervice, Sir! (*Curtſies.*)

CROSS.

Lettice! in that habit? Where is my daughter?

Mrs. CROSS.

I knew ſhe was not here—Don't be uneaſy, my dear! I underſtood Mr. Kitchen was deſirous of a rendezvous; ſo I put the change upon him, thinking Lettice a more proper companion for him than my daughter. Ha, ha, ha!

CROSS.

Death and the devil! Am I deceived then? fooled by my wife too!

KITCHEN.

Have patience, Sir. Many things happen between the cup and the lip. Sweet meat may have ſour ſauce they ſay. A word with you. (*Talks apart with* Croſs, *while Mrs.* Croſs *converſes with* Marcourt.)

Mrs. CROSS.

But where is the girl all this while, Mr. Marcourt?

MARCOURT.

Devil fetch me, if I know, Madam. I took Lettice for her.

Mrs. CROSS.

What! were you deceived too! How could you poſſibly be ſo abſurd! Did not I agree to put Lettice into the Turkiſh habit, and to dreſs Charlotte in the pink domino? (*Kitchen goes out here.*)

MARCOURT.

Yes—but I was told I was impoſed upon—and now I begin to think I have made a fool of my-ſelf.

Mrs. CROSS.

I dreſt Charlotte, and left her in my room waiting for you.—I never knew any thing ſo ridiculous! However, there can be no great harm done—it is plain ſhe is not with Mr. Kitchen, you ſee.

CROSS. [*Overhearing.*]

Don't be too ſure of that, Mrs. Croſs! Mr. Marcourt and you are but weak politicians. You ſettle your own plan of operations, and never conſider the motions of the enemy.

Mrs. CROSS.

What motions! Where's Mr. Kitchen? Gone?

CROSS.

Yes—gone. Gone to marry my daughter. Mr. Marcourt rather choſe to make up to Lettice, you ſee.

Mrs. CROSS.

If ſhe marries Mr. Kitchen, I'll never ſee her face again.—To have your way in every thing! I cannot bear it!

CROSS.

Rave on, my dear! We muſt give loſers leave to talk, you know. Let them laugh that win!

Mrs.

Mrs. CROSS.

Provoking inſolence! I ſhall die with vexation.

CROSS.

Ha, ha, ha! poor woman!

Enter Fleece.

CROSS.

Mr. Fleece! how do you, Sir? I am glad to ſee you—heartily glad to ſee you, Mr. Fleece.

Mrs. CROSS.

How do you do, Mr. Fleece?

FLEECE.

Very well I thank you, Ma'am. I wiſh you joy, Ma'am—I wiſh you joy of Miſs Charlotte's marriage, Mr. Croſs.

CROSS.

My daughter's marriage!—Look you there, Ma'am.—Tol derol lol derol, lol—She's married, you ſay.

FLEECE.

Yes, Sir; I left the couple at the church-door.

CROSS.

Tol derol, lol derol lol!

Mrs. CROSS.

Charlotte married! to whom? to Mr. Kitchen, Mr. Fleece?

CROSS.

Mr. Kitchen! ay, to be ſure—whom ſhould it be elſe, Mrs. Croſs?

FLEECE.

Mr. Kitchen! lackaday, no, Ma'am—not Mr. Kitchen, Sir; I never heard of the gentleman.

MARCOURT.

Well ſaid, my little woolcomber!—nor any body elſe I believe.

Mrs. CROSS.

Not Mr. Kitchen. Mind that Mr. Croſs!

CROSS.

Not Mr. Kitchen? Why then who the devil is ſhe married to?

FLEECE.

To Colonel Frankly, Sir.

MARCOURT.

Colonel Frankly! there is a ſly dog now!

Mrs. CROSS.

Well—I don't care who it is, ſo as it is not Mr. Kitchen.

MARCOURT.

I am infinitely obliged to you, Ma'am.

CROSS.

'Sdeath, Sir! but I'll ſet all Stratford in a blaze. Did not you receive a letter from us about this affair?

FLEECE.

I did, Sir, from Miſs Charlotte—and ſubſcribed with yours and Mrs. Croſs's approbation.—I obeyed your orders preciſely, took this houſe immediately, and had the banns aſked between the parties.

CROSS,

CROSS.

Well! and the parties were my daughter and Mr. Kitchen.

Mrs. CROSS.

No; my daughter and Mr. Marcourt.

FLEECE.

Neither; but your daughter and Colonel Frankly. Here are my credentials, Sir—the letter in your's, Mrs. Croſs's, and Miſs Charlotte's, hand-writing. (*Delivers the letter.*)

CROSS.

So! ſo! the little gipſy has deceived us both then.—She told me ſhe would put in Mr. Kitchen's name.

Mrs. CROSS.

And me, that ſhe would deceive you, and inſert Mr. Marcourt's.

MARCOURT.

Inſtead of which, ſhe has put in Colonel Frankly's—A bubble, by Jupiter!—My wager with Kitchen is a drawn bet then.

Enter Kitchen.

MARCOURT.

Ha! my brother in adverſity, where do you come from?

KITCHEN.

From church. ——— I arrived juſt at the concluſion of the ceremony; but the latter end of a feaſt is better than the beginning of a fray, they ſay. We ſhall have a jubilee wedding of it. There is the bride and bridegroom with all Stratford at my heels.

Mrs. CROSS.

They ſhan't enter my doors. I won't ſee their faces.

KITCHEN.

You had better, Madam; or this affair will make us all very ridiculous.

Mrs. CROSS.

Don't tell me—to be treated in ſuch a ſhameful manner! I will have nothing to ſay to them—and if Mr. Croſs has a grain of ſpirit, he will turn the undutiful wretch out of doors, and cut her off with a ſhilling.

CROSS.

But I ſhall do no ſuch thing, Mrs. Croſs. My conduct ſhall be juſt the reverſe, Madam. I will receive them with open arms: for if any thing has been amiſs, it has been entirely your fault.

Mrs. CROSS.

My fault! how can that be?

CROSS.

Very eaſily. If you had been of my mind, and had not encouraged the girl to be diſobedient, ſhe would not have been undutiful.

Mrs. CROSS.

Well—and if you had been of my mind, would not it have been juſt the ſame thing?

CROSS.

I begin to think we have both been to blame.

Enter

Enter Charlotte *and* Colonel Frankly.

FRANKLY.

Permit us, Sir, to throw ourſelves at your feet, and to hope for your's and Mrs. Croſs's forgiveneſs. My Charlotte thought it impoſſible to prevail on both to conſent to the ſame match, and that is her only excuſe for marrying without the approbation of either.

CROSS.

Your apology is a ſevere reproof, Sir.

Mrs. CROSS.

I don't care—ſo ſhe is not wife to Mr. Kitchen.

KITCHEN.

Faith, Madam, it gives me no uneaſineſs. I have been roaſted a little it is true—but not ſo much as my friend here.—He got into the wheel, and turned himſelf.

MARCOURT.

No matter—I ſcorn to be outdone in good humour—and as this marriage has begun in maſquerade, if the preſent good company will adjourn to the jubilee-maſked-ball this evening, I will moſt chearfully attend them there.

Mrs. CROSS.

Oh, as to the maſquerade, it is a genteel affair, and I like it of all things.

CROSS.

Come then, Mrs. Croſs! It was impoſſible we both ſhould have been pleaſed; ſo let us not repine

repine that Charlotte has ſatisfied neither. We may, however, derive from this incident one material piece of inſtruction.—That no family can be well governed, where there is a diſagreement between thoſe who are placed at the head of it—and that nothing is ſo neceſſary as harmony among thoſe whoſe intereſts are ſo intimately connected as thoſe of Man and Wife.

FINIS.